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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. XXVIII.

*An Original
Aboriginal Erratic Operatic Semi-Civilized and
Demi-Savage Extravaganza, being a Per-Version of Ye Trewe
and Wonderrefulle Hystorie of Ye Rennownned
Princesse,*

PO-CA-HON-TAS:

OR,

THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, ESQ.

The MUSIC Dislocated and Re-set, by JAMES G. MAEDER, M. D. ; and presented to Public Notice through the INSTRUMENTALITY of SIGNOR LA MANNA. The SCENERY painted from daguerreotypes and other authentic documents, by Mr. H. ISHERWOOD, greatly assisted by his own vivid imagination and MR. WALLACE. The COSTUMES cut from the original plates, and thoroughly digested, by MR. T. FLANNERY, and several auxiliary thimble-riggers. The MACHINERY, Wings, Flies, and other Entomologia, by MR. DEMILT, and various other philosophers. The CONSIDERABLE PROPERTIES, crowns, sceptres, war-clubs, Indian pipes, and other regalia, by MR. TIMMANY, and his aids.

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NEW-YORK :

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

c 1856

Monograph

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OF YE ENGLYSHE.

Captain John Smith—The undoubted Original, vocal and instrumental, in the settlement of Virginia, in love with Pocahontas, according to *this* story, though somewhat at variance with *his* story, Mr. Walcot.
Lieut. Thomas Brown—Second in Command, a hitherto neglected Genius, whose claims on posterity are now for the first time acknowledged, as is but right. Mr. Barry.
William Jones—Sometimes called Bill, another of the same sort left.

Mr. Simpson.
Mynheer Rolff—The real Husband of Pocahontas, but dramatically divorced contrary to all law and fact. Mr. Peters.
Benjamin Brace,
John Junk,
Henry Halyard,
William Buntline,
Barnabas Binnacle } Splicers of main braces, shiverers of timbers, anathematizers of eyes and limbs, promiscuously general dealers in single combats and double horn-pipes, and altogethere, amazingly nautical people. Messrs. Hare, Thompson, Johns, Reddy, James.

OF YE SALVAGES.

H. J. Pow-Ha-Tan I.—King of the Tuscaroras—a crotchetty Monarch, in fact, a Semi-Brave Mr. Brougham.
The Right Hon. Quash-al-Jaw, Speaker of the Savage House of Lords. Straightener of unpleasant kinks, and oiler of troubled waters, unraveller of knotty points, adjuster of pugnacious difficulties, and Grand Eye Parliamentary Factotum and Fugleman Mr. Burke.
O-po-dil-doc—One of the Aboriginal F. F. V's, an indignant dignitary. Mr. Levere.
Col-o-gog—Another warm-hearted and headed Son of Old Virginia the untiring Mr. Stoddart.
Jin-go—Sergeant at Arms—A Friend to swear by. Mr. Jeffries.
Kreem-Fay-Sloon—Bearer of Dispatches, and news carrier in ordinary. Mr. Harrison.

Ip-pah-kak,
Sas-sy-Pril,
Kod-liv-Royl,
Kal-o-mel, } Medicine Men, of the Saultz and Senna-ca Tribe. { Mr. Oliver. Samuels. Reynolds. Carver.

H. R. H. Princess Po-Ka-Hon-Tas—The Beautiful, and very properly undutiful daughter of King Pow-Ha-Tan, married, according to the ridiculous dictum of actual circumstance, to Master Rolff, but the author flatters himself much more advantageously disposed of in the Acting edition. Miss Hodson.

Poo-tee-pet } Interesting offshoots from aristocratic stock { Mrs. Stephens
Di-mun-di, } anterior to the First Families in Virginia { Mrs. Convers.
Wee-cha-ven-da } Embodying the rigid principles of the { Mrs. Sylvester.
Kros-as-kan-bee } Tuscarora Fashionable Finishing School { Mrs. Thompson
Dah-Lin-Duk,
O-you-Jewel,
Luv-lie-Kreeta,
Oso-char-ming,
Lum-Pa-Shuga, } Their "dear charges," for whom they don't forget to charge dear enough for in the Quarterly Bills. } Miss Melville. Miss Thompson. Miss Pine. Miss Carman. Mrs. Stewart.

Dro-may-jah, a high official Mrs. Norton.
Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Members of the Tuscarora Light Guard, &c

PROLEGOMENA.

THE deeply interesting incident upon which this Drama is founded, occurred in Virginia, on Wednesday, Oct. 12, A.D. 1607, at twenty-six minutes past 4 in the afternoon, according to the somewhat highly colored and boastful narration of Capt. John Smith, the famous adventurer, backed by the concurrent testimony of contemporaneous history; but subsequent research has proved that either he was mistaken, or that *circumstance* had unwarrantably plagiarized an affair which transpired at a much earlier date; for, upon examining the contents of a wallet found in the vest pocket of the man in armor, dug up near Cape Cod, an entire *epic poem* was discovered upon the very same subject, which was written by a Danish Poet, the Chevalier Viking, *Long Fellow* of the Norwegian Academy of Music, who flourished Anno Gothami, 235.

The poem contains several square yards of verse, a fragment of which is subjoined to show its peculiar *Finnish*.

THE SONG OF POCAHONTAS.

Ask you—How about these verses?
Whence this song of Pocahontas,
With its flavor of Tobacco,
And the Stincweed—the Mundungus,
With its pipe of Old Virginny,
With the echo of the Breakdown,
With its smack of Bourbonwhiskey,
With the twangle of the Banjo;
Of the Banjo—the Goatskinnet,
And the Fiddle—the Catgutto,
With the noisy Marrowbonum.
By one JONSMITH it was written,
JONSMITH, the valiant soldier,
Sailor, Buccaneer, Explorer,
Hero, Trader, Colonizer,
Gent, Adventurer, Commander,
Lawyer, Orator, and Author,
Statesman, Pioneer, and Bagman.
Years he fought against the Moslem
Years he wore the captive's fetters,
Until, from a fond sultana
He received a Habeas Corpus.

Then, by way of relaxation,
He took passage on a steamer,
With a crew of Fillibusters,

Each with matchlocks and revolvers,
To take peaceable possession
Of some transatlantic region,
Sailed they on, they knew not whither,
Until, one October morning,
They incontinently blundered
On the shores of Tuscarora,
Near to Werowance, the palace
Of King POWHATAN, who flourished
In that section of the country,
Whereunto they were invited
By this hospitable monarch,
And remarkably well treated;
Until, fat with rice and pumpkins,
Buckwheatcake and sweetpotatoes,
Squashes, Homminy and Doughnuts,
They began to wax audacious,
And put on such airs and graces,
They were perfectly disgusting.

Now, the natives knowing nothing
Of the benefits intended
By this foreign congregation,
Who had come so far to show them
All how much they'd been mistaken;
In what darkness they were dwelling,

And how much obliged they were to
 These disinterested people,
 Who had journeyed to enlighten
 Their unfortunate condition,
 Through these potent triunited
 Anglo-Saxon civilizers,
 Rum, Gunpowder, and Religion.
 Now, the natives, as I mentioned,
 Didn't see the joke precisely
 In the way it was expected,
 They believing, simple creatures,
 They could manage their own matters
 Without any interference—
 Thought the shortest way to settle
 Those gratuitous advisers,
 Would be quietly to knock them
 On the head, like Bulls of Bashan.

It was then JONSMITH was taken
 To be treated in such fashion,
 Lying in a pleasant posture
 On the ground, his head supported
 By a chunk of Rüss's pavement.
 He looked round him with emotion.
 King POWHATAN stood beside him,
 With his battle-club tremendous,

Which around his head he flourished
 To accelerate its motion,
 So that when it swift descended
 Upon JONSMITH's pericranium,
 Then he wouldn't know what hurt him.
 Thrice the fatal club was brandished,
 And Jon. thought upon his mother,
 Thought upon the prayer she taught him
 When he first, a tiny urchin,
 Bent his knee in simple wonder.
 In that moment, all his childhood
 Stood before him like a vision,
 And he thought he was a "goner,"
 When the King's remorseless purpose
 Was immediately arrested
 By a scream from Pocahontas.
 Pocahontas, his own daughter—
 She, the dove of Worocomoco,
 The pride of Tuscarora,
 Quickly laid her lovely tresses
 On the pale cheek of the victim.
 This mute eloquence of nature
 To the heart of JONSMITH whispered,
 You have yet a squeak, old fellow
 Now, &c. &c.

While other joys one sense alone can measure,
 This to all senses gives extatic pleasure.
 You *feel* the radiance of the glowing bowl,
 Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
 Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew,
 Taste its strong pungency the palate through,
 See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
 Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home.
 I like a dhudieen myself.

Col-o-gog. I do not doubt it.

King. I'll volunteer and sing a song about it
 To me 'twas by a wily Paddy whack sent,
 Who had an axe to grind, hence the broad accent.

SONG—KING.

AIR—"Widow Machree."

Oh, wid a dhudieen I can blow away care,
 Oh hone, wid a dhudieen !
 Black thoughts and blue devils all melt into air,
 Oh hone ! wid a dhudieen !
 If you're short any day,
 Or a note have to pay,
 And you don't know the way,
 To come out of it clean,
 From your head and your heart .
 You can make it depart,
 Oh hone ! wid a dhudieen.

Oh, wid a dhudieen you recline at your ease,
 Oh, hone ! wid a dhudieen !
 Shut your eyes and imagine what pleasures you please,
 Oh, hone ! wid a dhudieen !
 In dreams without sleep,
 All your senses to steep,
 While you're playing bo-peep
 Through each fairy-like scene,
 Undisturbed, I declare,
 By a single nightmare,
 Oh, hone ! wid a dhudieen !

Oh, wid a dhudieen I'm as truly content,
 Oh, hone . wid a dhudieen !
 What the rest of the world does I don't care a cent,
 Oh, hone ! wid a dhudieen !
 Let some folks desire,
 To set rivers on fire,
 While some others admire,
 To run "wid de machine,"
 I've ambition enough,

Just to sit here and puff,
Oh, hone ! wid a dhudieen !

Now that we have smoked ourself to proper dizziness,
Let us proceed at once to public business.

We must advance, though in the usual way,
Therefore, all laws that we made yesterday
We now repeal. We take the tax off Soap.

Opo. Soft Soap, so please your majesty, I hope !

King. No, no, that saponaceous article escapes,
We've analyzed it with Professor Mapes,
And he told us, in terms quite scientific,
Soft Soap's considered a soft soporific

Oph. Sire, it's a lie !

All. Order ! order !

King. Can we believe our eyes ?

We mean our ears.

Opo. Are *not* soaps made from *lyes* !

King. Oh ! ah !

Col. May it please your majesty, I rise
To a question of privilege. My honorable friend,
Being a *hard* himself, does not intend
An insult. May I ask in the word *lie*,
What vowel do you use sir, *i* or *y* ?

Opo. *Y* sir, or *i* sir, search the vowels through,
And find the one most *consonant* to you.

All. Order ! Order !

Col. To keep within the limits of debate.

Who stole the funeral cloth and coffin plate ?

Opo. Shut up, switch off, dry up, or go to bed !

Col. I'll fling an inkstand at your honorable head !

If you had your desert you'd *dine* in prison ?

Opo. And you'd have an asphyxiated weazen !

King. Hollo ! no more of this ! at once have done !

Confound you, do you think that you're at Washington ?

Opo. My liege, in some authority I've read,
That it's within the rules to punch his head !

King. How is it Mr. Speaker, were in doubt ?

Speaker. Grotius, cap 5, sec. 3, says, fight it out.

Business, they prepare to fight.

Out, out of this, some spot that none can trace,
Or see a *claw* to the *secluded* place.

Col. Conclude it done ! the deadliest weapon I can find,
I'll name !

Opo. Nuff said, old top, I'll go it blind !

Col. Blind you've been all your life, and deaf and dumb !

Opo. Dum vivimus vivamus, what's your weapon ?

Col. Rum !

[A row outside.—Enter sergeant at-arms.

King. Sergeant at arms, say, what alarms the crowd ?

Loud noise annoys us, why is it allowed ?

Ser. My liege, there is a band—

King. [*Starting up.*] Of Minstrels?

Ser. No!

Of foreigners, just cast on Castle Garden.

King. Oh!

For this relief, much thanks, it wouldn't pay.

That endless *barcarole* of poor Dog Tray!

Who are those folks come here, without permission.

Something a *kin* to *Kinney's* expedition!

This ranche they'd better vamouse mighty slick,

Old Nick's their destination, or *new Nic*,

Arauga, here they must not bore us,

As at *Sonora* with their bash *Sonorous*,

Conquering lands without a single resident,

Such a *Republic's* clearly without *precedent*!

Ser. Their leader is at hand, sire, at his back,

Four Knaves at least!

King. They're found in every pack.

King. Produce this bold *adventurer*, whose *advent* here,

With our *self-interest* must *interfere*.

Meanwhile, we'll dip in Hoyle, and when you're back,

Know how to *deal* with such a dirty *pack*.

[*Exit Sargeant.*]

Speaker. How shall we receive them?

King. As at the Opera House,

With a Chorus: there cannot be so proper a house

To set the fashion.

SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

King.

Come forward here every rascalion,

And spread yourselves out in a row,

While I ask that harmonious Italian

La Manna to rosin his bow.

Chorus.

La Manna, come rosin your bow, oh, oh,

La Manna, pray rosin your bow,

We aint got no forte-piano,

Old beeswax, come rosin your bow.

King.

Wake up, Mr. Trombone and Trumpet,

And give us a jolly good blow,

Like steam-engines out you must pump it,

La Manna will rosin his bow.

Chorus as before.

King.

You chap with the blazing big fiddle,
And you with the small one also,
Keep your eye on the man in the middle,
La Manna can rosin his bow.

Chorus as before.

King.

My friend of the side-drum and kettle,
Be sure, and don't spare your elbow,
But give us a thundering rattle,
La Manna will rosin his bow.

Chorus.

(Enter Captain John Smith and Retinue.)

King. What manner of man are you? A fillybustero!
Your name and aim, what brought you there, my hero?

Smith. Erratic King, I might say operatic,
And, as I see, as mellow as dramatic,
My name is—

King. Norval!

Smith. No, Sir! Smith—John Smith!

King. Of Arkansaw?

Smith. No, Sire, that John's a myth.

King. What iron fortune led you to our shores?

Smith. Ironic Monarch, 'twas a pair of oars.
Between ourselves, though, if the truth be told,
Our goal we'll reach when we have reached your gold.
But, stop, and I'll enlighten your community,
I see (*music in orchestra*) and hear a famous opera-tunity.

GRAND SCENA COMPLICATO.

In the Anglo-Italiano Style.

Smith.

As you are o,
The great cigar, o
And high top loco,
Among these folk, o
It is but fair, o
I should declare, o
What brought me here o.
'Tis easy told.
You know my name o.

Chorus.

Smith!

I hither came o,
Impelled by fame o.

Chorus.

Bravo ! Smith !

Or all the same o,
The subtle flame o.

Chorus.

Go it, Smith.

The brilliant game o,
Man's only aim o,
To hunt up gold.

Chorus.

(Abjure the Italian, and give themselves Ethiopian airs.)

You're off the track, and you'd better go back,
The golden dream is o'er ;
So order your hack and carry your pack
From old Virginny's shore.

Smith.

Oh, nar'ry a toe, will this child go,
But open a grocery store,
And I'll never go back, 'till I've filled my sack
On old Virginny's shore.

King. And what the *deuce* induced this scheme Utopian !
Proceed, we'll give *you rope* enough, *European* !
Though we don't relish being quite so *near*
As this, my *buck*, to such a *Buccaneer* !

Smith. Most potent, grave, and reverent old fellow,—
To use the words of that *black wight* Othello,
My very noble and approved good savage,
That we are come out here your lands to ravage,
It is most true : for this you see us banded.

(Indians rush at him—the King restrains them.)

King. I must confess, *sweet* sir, that you are *candid*
You'll probably excuse us if we doubt it.
Pray how, sir, do you mean to set about it ?

Smith. Easy enough : we have full powers to *treat*.

King. If that's the case, we'll take some *whiskey neat*.
You cannot *dash* our *spirits*, we are *proof*
Against such weakness !

Smith. Well, that's clear enough !
Majestic Savage, I was but in *jest*
Just now, you'll find, I *guess*, that I'm a *guest*
It would be quite as *well* to *welcome* over.
The seas we *clove* in hopes to live in *clover*.
Befriend us, and we'll try and be of use,
Even to *cooking* of your royal geese !

King. Don't put yourself into a stew, my friend,
My *Kitchen Cabinet* to that attend.

They know my constitution just like lawyers.

Smith. *Soyer* himself must yield to such *top-sawyers* !

But say, Great *Sachem*, don't refuse this *fusion* ;

To now *ill-use* us would be base *illusion* !

Puissant potentate, *abridge* our *sighs*,

We *call on you* to let us *colonize*.

If this, most verdant Monarch, you will do,

A course of *Sprouts* we mean to put you through !

King. Sprout me no sprouts, irreverent *Suckers* all !

You can't lodge here, my friend, in *Short*, at all !

I can no *reason* in such *treason* see !

What ! *share* my realm with you, *mon cher ami* !

Smith. Why not ? We have the *brads* to buy your land,

Nails are a legal tender, they're on hand,

With beads and bracelets you shall all be crammed.

King. If I sell land for brads, may I be d——ished !

Smith. In friendship with you we should like to tarry.

In proof of which I'm *ready* now to marry

Any *red* queen that in my way should fall,

I would accept her *Sceptre*, Crown, and all.

My hand is hers !

King. Your hand ? You'd better *pause* !

Among our *Indian maids* look out for *Squaws* !

If any jokers dare to run their rigs

Near our *wigwams*, we're sure to *warm their wigs* !

What shall we do with them, the sons of topers ?

Speaker. Hang on the *outer wall*, the *interlopers* !

All. Hang them ! Hang them !

Smith. What fault have I committed ? Halt !

King. Ha ! Do you *falter* ?

Smith. I fain would *halt* before I reach the *halter*.

That *cord* is not my *line* in any sense,

I'd rather *not* be kept in such suspense !

King. You *shan't* be long ! prepare yourself ! But stay !

You'd rather not be hanged, I think you say ?

Smith. I'm really fearful it would be a *drop*

Too much for me !

King. Perhaps you'd like a *chop*—(with *axe*.)

Smith. Ill-manner'd *butcher*, you may bet your Crown

I'll fix your flint for you !

King. You simmer down !

Smith you must die, as well as all audacious

Birds of passage that may migrate here !

Smith. My *gracious* !

Alas ! then, did our *Nests* at home content us,

We would not now have been *Non est inventus* !

Mercy !

All. No mercy !

King. Not by any means !
My wrath they can't appease, so give them *beans* !

[*Indians rush at Smith.*]

Smith. Stay ! *Soft* ! Hold *hard* ! One moment, if you please,
Until his Majesty a *secret sees* !

King. A secret ! What is it ?

Smith. Behold !

[*Showing pistol.*]

King. (*Taking it.*) We do ! What's this ?

Smith. (*Taking it back.*) A pistol, sire, I hope it will *suit* you
Should I *present* it !

King. Ha ! I see your *aim* !

By this you'd *buy* our silence, eh ?

Smith. The same !

King. It's *curious* ! What does it contain ?

Smith. Some potent pills,
And warranted to *cure* all mortal ills !
With a few doses we'll be undertakers
To rid you soon of all your *pains and acres* !

King. I'd grieve with favors to be overloaded,
But with us kings such *canons* are exploded,
And so will take your physick.

[*King fires pistol, drops it alarmed.*]

Jarsey lightning ! !

[*Rushes off, followed by Indians.*]

Smith. Hurrah ! 'Tis clear, my friends, our skies are bright'ning !

Brown. Let us be off——

Smith. *Be off* ! Recall that whine,
Or never more *be officer* of mine !
To leave our work half-done would be a pity,
And so we take possession of the city ;
And as is usual in all such cases,
We'll nominate ourselves to all the places !
For Governor, John Smith !

Brown. I second that !
It's carried ; so be *seated* !

Smith. (*Sitting*) *Verbum sat* !
I'd make a speech to you, but that's not needed,
For in to-morrow's Herald you can read it.
Be sure I'll make the best of this bad story,
To *gild* our *guilt* we've but to call it glory.
Success crowns every crime whoever bleeds,
Defies reproof and *sanctifies* misdeeds ;
But pray excuse this personal reflection.
Unsuited to a primary election,
Propose your candidates.

Brown. Might I suggest,
A plan I've hit on that will be the best
To suit the present crisis. In this hat,
I've written all the names of all the fat
And juicy offices,—let each advance,

And in the *grab game* take an equal chance.

All. Agreed! agreed!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Grab away
While you may
In this game, luck is all,
And the prize
Tempting lies
In the rich City Hall.

Grab away
While you may ;
For they say under Sam
Holds the " puss "
And the " cuss "
Is as mild as a lamb.

Grab away
While you may ;
Every day there's a " job "
It's a fact
By contract
All intact you may rob.

Grab away
While you may ;
For the pay never fear.
Justice winks
Aye, and blinks,
From the *dust* I scattered here.

(*Confusion at the Poll.*) *Brown*, (*To Jones.*) What are you, Treasurer?

Jones. No, vicey varcy.

I'm Secretary of State!

Smith. I cry you *Marcy*!

And you? (*To Junk.*)

Junk. An Alderman!

Buntline. And so am I!

Another. And I!

Smith. (*To Brace.*) And what are you, old horse?

Brace. I'm Mayor!

Smith. No bed of roses is the Civic Chain?

See that your city fathers work their best,
When they're fatigued, why, let them have *arrest*.

Are you all satisfied?

Brown. Um!—pretty well!

Smith. Then let us try the tea—room for a spell—

Is there nothing we can do,
Meantime I'll chaunt the *Marsellaise a la Rachel*,
We heard the *Yankees* this time, pretty dears,
They'll have to wait a couple of hundred years.

SONG.—SMITH.

It is of a French actress I'm going to tell,
As came to America and her name it was Rachel,
To play in deep Tragedies, both new ones and old
All for to make a fortune in silver and gold.

Chorus.

(Anticipative of the way in which she intended to shovel in the specie.)

Tol de dol, &c.

Now she had a handsome Brother, and his name it was Felix,
Who thought he was posted in play-house politics,
For said he to himself—"I am just the right fel-
Low, to manage these Yankees uncommonly well.

Chorus.—(Indicative of the proposed Modus Operandi.) Tol, de dol, &c.

"Oh" says he, "in the newspapers I'll come it strong,
All about the fine corps as I'm a fotchin' along,
They'll cost me some 5000 dollars a night,
And to see so much go, will be a dolorous sight."

Chorus.—Illustrative of the way he disbursed that large amount to the talented Company. "Tol, de dol, &c."

"When the public I've told the tremendous expense,
They'll think that the prices are again to be immense,
Twenty-five dollars a ticket at least they must be.
They'll jump out of their skins when they find they're—
only *Three!*"

Chorus.—Delincative of the mad intoxication of the delighted populace. Tol, de dol, &c.

Well, the doors they were opened, and the folks they walked in,
Think of *Felix's* feelinks, the domus was thin,
And it must be confessed that he looked rather *blue*,
When instead of *Three* dollars he had to take *Two*.

Chorus.—Exemplifications of Felix's countenance as he reluctantly yielded to the pressure of the Press. "Tol, de dol, &c."

As the newspapers told him, the people flocked more,
And every one bought a French play-book at the door,
With their eyes on their books and their ears on the stage.
They thought they were *seeing* Rachel I'll engage.

Chorus.—Descriptive of the studious way the general public avoided seeing the Great Actress. Tol, de dol, &c.

Now all you nice folks as are fond of a play,
And like to be amused in a sensible way,
Don't you be deluded by fashion's sheep-bell,
But come *here* where our language you understand well.

Chorus.—Suggestive of the grateful return made by the audience for this disinterested advice. "Tol de dol, &c."

SMITH IS BORNE OFF IN TRIUMPH. W.

SCENE. II.

*Picturesque View in Jamestown, taken some time before it was built.—
Savage Play-Ground of a Tuscarora Finishing Institution. Vociferous
irruption of Juvenile Squaw-lers. Enter Poo-tee-pet, Di-mon-di.
Lum-Pa-Shuga. Dah-Ling-Duk. Nys-kree-tah. O-you-Jewl. Hah-
Jote-Lah. Osa-Charming. &c. &c. &c.*

Chorus of Emancipated Maidens.

Sing-sing away !
Sing-sing away !
Schools, but prisons are they say,
Sing-sing away !
Sing-sing away !
We'll have a *sing-sing* holiday. &c.

Poo-Tee-Pet.

I wish my Pa would send for me ! Oh, dear !
I'm *tired* of living so *retired* here,
And I've had school enough, I know that well,
To set up any fashionable *belle* !
Heigho ! How can one stay here with content,
The *present* time no *pastime* can *present* !
No one to talk to of the Upper Ten,
If it were even one of Brown's young men
Just to begin with, for indeed the *fact* is
I don't know how to flirt for want of practice.

Di-mon-di.

Is'nt that dreadful, dear, I'm just the same,
And for my part I think it's a great shame
That we've no more young master's to impart
The *rudest rudiments* of that fine art !
Now, what's the use of drawing ?

Poo-tee-Pet.

I suppose
That we may have some skill in *drawing beaux*,
Let other people love to draw their spouses.
That's horses' work—I'd rather much draw *houses*.
Here comes Miss Pocahontas, haughty thing !
Tossing her *crown* because her Pa's a *King* !
Hum !—I know something !

Di-mon-di.

What ?

Poo-tee pet.

He must be *short*, or
He'd have paid up, my dear, for her last quarter
Music. Enter, Po-ca-hontas, with Book.

INTERNATIONAL SCENA.—POCAHONTAS.

Recitativo—Italiani doloroso.

Sport am I of Fortune, no kind soul near to cheer me,
 I'm on the verge of despair ;
 Where can I turn me for comfort !
 Whence seek for sigh sympathetic !
 Ah ! me unhappy !
 Most unhappy !
 But my heart it will relieve, O,
 To sing from Hernani
 This recitativo !

INTER-ARIA NIGROQUÆ.

Where the idlers now are shopping
 In gay Fashion's round,
 And at Banks, that are not stopping,
 You can hear the cold gold sound.
 All the world seems bright and cheery,
 But sometimes 'tis mock,
 Oh ! dark his lot who deals with Erie,
 For it's a fluctuating stock.

CANTATA VARIOSO.

Scenes that are brightest
 No one can trust,
 When money's tightest
 Look to your dust.
 Hope buoys, and carries us on
 Carries us on through our days,
 Carries us on like the pepper upon
 "Massachusetts Bays,"
 Oh ! Heigh ! ho !
 Where is that beau
 Pa said he'd bring me a long time ago,

INTRUSIVE CHORUS.

Oh ! what a beau,
 What ? a beau ?

Miss Pocahontas, you don't say so.

Pocahontas. Heigho ! This heated term will shortly cease,
 And these school-days to warmer ones give place !
 I know not why it is, but since I've seen
 Napoleon's life in Harper's magazine,
 My soul enthusiastic, yearns to paint
 The blissful deeds of some such warlike saint !
 Since these heroic pages I've perused,
 The stories that my childhood have amused
 Are varnished with the fashions of last week ;—
 Never again with rapture shall I speak
 Of dear Red Riding Hood, or Cinderella,

Or valiant little Jack the Giant *feller*,
 Robinson Crusoe, or great Thumb the Small,—
 This is the greatest *story* of them all!—
 Oh! that it were my future fate to do
 Some deed of desperation nice and new,
 Something would startle all the world with fright,
 That is, provided it *left* me all *right*!

Poo-Tee-Pet. Girls, here come the teachers, hide your books,
 Banish your smiles and put on your school looks!

Pocahontas. I hate that School-Ma'am, she does look so sly.
 She always has a *pupil* in her eye!

[*Enter WEE-CHA-VEN-DAH and KROS-AS-KAN-BEE, Professors of haughty-culture, and trainers of the flowers of fashion.*]

Weech. Heads up, backs straight, chests out and shoulders square!

Kros. Miss Pocahontas, just look at your hair,
 I never saw it in so vile a state!

Poca. It *curls* so much that I can't keep it *straight*.

Weech. Now, ladies, if you please, you'll get your bows.

Poca. I wish I had one!

Kros. Do turn out your toes!

You walk just like a *duck*, my dear, that's *flat*!

Poca. Being a *duck*, you know, I can't help that!

Kros. Come, ladies, please to recollect *time flies*!

Poca. *Fly time's* too warm, I think, for exercise!

[*They try a Dance, and execute it with bows and arrows. Noise of pursuit without: Smith appears behind fence. Indian Girls cry, "A man!" and run off screaming, all but Pocahontas.*]

Smith. Believe me, there's no necessity at all,
 Delicious *Schreechers*, for this sudden *Squall*!

Ah! Aid me, Maiden, pray!

Poca. Who are you?

Are you a *fugitive* come here to seek
 A railway, underground?

Smith. Not by a sight!

Alas! I'm only an unhappy *wight*,
 Without a *shade* of color to excuse
Canadian Agents here to chalk my shoes,
 Therefore my passage-money won't be figured,
 For on that head *Philanthropy* is *niggard*!

Poca. Who is it this *untimely* visit pays,
 Breaking our school up before holidays?

Smith. I'll tell you, thou *unfairest* of the *fair*
 American Institution,—take a chair,
 While my o'erloaded bosom I unfreight,
 And all my *early* history relate!

[*Gets chairs from entrance.*]

Most comfortable *chattels* these to *chat* in,
 Such chairs I ne'er thought to *sit* in here,—they're *satin*!
 'Tis now some twenty years——"

Poca. I'll hear no more !

Smith. You've cut my tale off !

Poca. Long ones are a bore !

Brief it must be, however you bewail it !

Smith. I shall be *curt*, *uncourteous* beauty, and *curtail it* ;
Beginning with the *end* I had in view,
Which, upon my *soul* was *solely* to see you,—
When from the *verge* of yon *Virginny* fence
I *saw* and *heard* a *sordid* *herd* advance !
From the *spot* I would have turned to flee,
But one of the Chief's shadows *spotted* me,
And at his *back* the savage, at whose *beck*
They have a *knack* of tightening one's *neck* !

Poca. Can you tell who he was ?

Smith. The Chief ? I can.

Poca. A King ?

Smith. The same.

Poca. His name ?

Smith. Is Powhatan !

[*Pocahontas screams.*

Some near relation of yours, maybe ?

Poca. Rather !

Nearer he can't be much, for he's my *Father* !

Smith. The deuce !

Poca. Have you been introduced !

Smith. Why,—No !

Not formally, but I have seen him though !

I visited his majesty's abode,
A portly savage, plump, and pigeon-toed,
Like *Metamora* both in *feet* and *feature*,
I never *met-a-more-a-musing* creature !
Now without fear my love I can avow it,
And *pop* the question boldly ?

Poca. My *pop* won't allow it,
I'll bet my life !

Smith. My chance that *bettors* still,
For being the *contrary* sex, you will !
In *fact*, *rare* princess, there's such *rarefaction*
Within my heart, such "*passional attraction*,"
That we must live together spite of fate,
For all impossibilities that congregate
Around us, my *free love* despises !

Poca. Stop ! One doubt within my heart arises !
A great historian before us stands,
Bancroft himself, you know, forbids the *banns* !

Smith. *Bancroft* be banished from your memory's shelf,
For spite of *fact* I'll marry you myself.
And happiness you'll have a better *show* for
With me, than should you wed that *low-bred loafer* !

DUET.—SMITH and POCA-HON-TAS.

Smith. My love is like a raging hot volcano,
Vesuvius in a fit of indigestion,
 And if you are so cruel as to say no
Insane, oh! I shall be without a question.

Pocahontas. Such volcanic affection 'twere just as well
 You'd keep, a little piano,
 That too *burning* a mount would a Cinderella
 make me and I'm not a soprano.
 But where's the use of jesting
 Or protesting,
 With you this union never can take place.

Smith. 'Tis vain my claim arresting
 Or contesting
 To gain you every record I'll efface.

Both. Such an event must amusing be
 We have no fear in asserting
 For *changing* the current of History
 Would certainly be *diverting*.
 (*Noise of women without.*)

Poca. How from those prying eyes can I disguise you,
 My father's prize you'll be should he surprize you!

(*He puts on shawl and hat, and pretends to read. Enter all the school. He mixes with them, they proceed towards gate as for a walk, in couples. Enter Powhatan and suite, Savagely. The girls are thrown into confusion.*)

Weech. What is the meaning of this rude intruding?

King. Rude! By the rood it means there's mischief brooding!
 We seek a sucker who's secreted here!
 Produce him or induce him to appear,
 Or by the towel, silver fork and spoon
 You forked from me, I'll settle with you soon!

Poca (*To girls*) Save him!

Girls. We will! (*They surround Smith.*)

King. You daughter come with me!
 I'll settle you too!

Poca. How, Pa!

King. You shall see!

I've found a husband you must wed to night!

Poca. Oh! my prophetic soul, *Bancroft* was right!

Smith. (*appearing*) What's that?

King. Ha! we have you now, I guess!

Poca. Despair! Distraction!

Smith. Here's a precious mess!

Poca. Where is my Smith, my love, my only one?

Smith. My Pocahontas ain't you poking fun?

King. Here, dogs, we're in a snarl, so watch o'er us,
 This blackguard guard and aid us in the chorus.

GRAND FINALE.—AFFETTUOSO.—FURIOSO.—E. CONGLO-
MERO.

CHORUS.

Come, let us now like watch-dogs bark,
Come, let us now put out this spark,
Come, let us raise a jolly row,
And like the dogs of war, bow, wow.

Smith. I am plucked from fairy bowers,
I am in misfortune's showers,
Quite enough to wet a fellow through,
Without an umberella too.
Oh! I love this old man's daughter,
Though inscrutable I've thought her,
As the song of Hiawatha.
Writ by Long-fel-low.

Pocahontas. Oh! a little outsider too,
A little outsider view,
A little outsider, your own child
Appeals dear dad, to you.

King. Mr. Smith, you're in a fix
With your Don Giovanni tricks.
But though you think yourself so much the dandy O,
I'll bet you two to one
You're almost as good as gone,
For I'll use you up just like a stick of candy, O,

Omnes. Its all bosh and braggin
All bosh and braggin
All bosh and braggin
That you'll find, old "hoss."

Wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon,
And you'll soon catch "goss."

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Isherwood's View of the Interior of a Wigwam.* POWHATAN pushes on POCAHONTAS with the parentally tyrannic air peculiar to irate potentates.

DUETTO.—IMPETUOSO.

King.

Now Ma'am I have a notion,
You can no longer rave,
This son of the *ocean oh shun*,
A home on the salt sea, waive.

Pocahontas.

Your child, you thus may *seize sir*,
But sure as the *seas are blue*
I shall soon rescued be, sir,
From you, and your *cruel crew*.

Both.

The prospect is inviting,
Thus all my love requiting,
Of temper, you will find I have a share;
Since you're bent on fighting,
Thus all my prospects blighting,
I won't give in an atom, I declare.

Powhatan. How sharper than a serpent's tooth, if one could find
Such things in serpents' heads, is an ungrateful child!
But here you shall remain till you're resigned
To settle *down* as I've made *up* my mind!
You'll make me *furios* if you yet *refuse*,
Or venture to *eschew* the man I *choose*!

Poca. The king who would enslave his daughter so,
Deserves a hint from Mrs. Beecher Stowe!
Who is the *man*, sir, I *demand* to know?

King. Hey! day! Are we commanded by our daughter!
I *taught* your *teachers* to keep you much *tauter*
In hand! If thus the rein you mean to shy,
A *shy-reign* will be mine, methinks, bye-and-bye!
You must be *curbed* a *bit*, your doom's a prison,
If you don't quickly *hasten* to be *his'n*!

Poca. If thus you *wrong* my Woman's Rights, and mock
My griefs, your *offspring* will *spring off the dock*!
And mix my ardent spirits with cold water!

[*Going.*]

King. Hold!
I did but jest, my *belle*, you shall be *told*!
The man's a Dutchman, deep as he can be,
In fact, as deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.
A first-class venture, cautious and acute,
A widower, and good *shoemaker* to *boot*!

Poca. A widower! the proverb's here surpassed,
A shoemaker who looks beyond his last!
"Ne sutor," sir, et cetera, so, you see
Such suitor is not likely to suit me!

[ROLFF sings outside.

King. Here he comes, no counterfeit is he
Like Smith, whose very name's a forgery!

Poca. The other's worse by his own showing.

King. How?

Poca. I heard him uttering false notes, just now!

King. He's here! you see resistance now were idle,
His bride you shall be, so your temper bridle!

Enter ROLFF, smoking.

Rolf. Meine cootness gracious, was is das I see!
Is das meine loafley vrow as is to be?

King. Yes, there's the prize, my son, go in and win her,
While, to escape the din, guess I'll go in to dinner.

GRAND SCENA PERTURBATO.

ARIA "Hibernoso affettuosamente.

Poca.

Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn,
No more hear the soul-stirring cry of "hot corn,"
I have nothing to do now, but languish and die,
"Crushed out" as I am by my Pa's cruelty.
But I'm not so domestic a thing, on my life
As ever to be yon brown Hollander's wife.
No, rather than that, a deep hole I would bore
In my heart, and behold bright Aurora no more.
And oh! if I'm forced like poor DINAH, to die
By going, and taking a cup of cold py—
—zon, no VILLIKINS will I leave here to deplore,
That this child should behold bright Aurora no more.

CANTATA "Giojoso et amoroso."

Rolf.

Oh peutivool girl,
Mein prave Indian bearl,
Love runs like a squirrel
Meine heart up and down.
Oh don't look so freezy,
Uneezy and breezy,
Meine vrow you must be see
In spite of your vrown.

Oh peautivool creeter,
I'd fling at your feet your
Audacious beseecher,
Now hobbin around.

But you mustn't be freezy,
 Uneasy or breezy,
 Meine vrow you must be see
 In spite of your frown.

SONG "*doloroso et petulento.*"

King.

'Tis a hard blow to suffer
 When sad and alone,
 Some poor aged buffer
 Sits by his hearthstone,
 No flour in his kitchen,
 No fire-water nigh,
 His complexion to nourish
 By a drop in his eye.

Together.

In our cane brakes of an afternoon,
 We sometimes go for to hunt the coon,
 And from experience I declare
 He ain't an easy bird to snare.
 Clar's his action,
 Old coon, sly coon,
 Old Virginia never tire.

Poca. Appeal is useless! what words could I utter,
 To mollify this firkin of Dutch butter!
 Oh! tell me, was that sentence that my pa
 Made use of, true, that I'm to wed you?

Rolff. Yah!

Poca. But if I say I love another?

Rolff. Psha!

Poca. You wouldn't force me to espouse you?

Rolff. Yah!

Poca. Was ever maiden's love so sublimated!

Single, ere this, and now thus *doubly-mated!*

But, once for all, sir, know I'm not inclined

To wed a *beau* with such a *narrow* mind!

Dutchman depart! the honor I resign,

Leave me, or else, *believe* me, you shall rue it!

Rolff. Nein!

SONG—ROLFF.

WITH TYROLEAN FIXINS.

Like the Tyrolese singers, so gallant and gay,
 I'll sing you a song in the Tyrolese way,
 Fol de dol, de dol lay—it's a very fine day,
 It doesn't much matter—you know what I say.

[*Here follows an exhibition of tracheotomous gymnastics, which must be heard to be properly appreciated*

I wish from mein soul all de rocks round about
 Would to *sausages* turn, and the trees to *sourcrout*.
 The ocean's vast bowl into *lager bier* roll
 And I was an earthquake to swallow the whole.

[*More vocal gymnastics.*]

And then for mein pipe I'd *Vesuvius* fill full
 Of *kanaster* and through a *pine tree* take a pull
 And after that, p'raps, for fear of mishaps,
 I'd toss down *Niagara Falls* for mein *schnapps*.

[*Gymnastics again.*]

Rolff. It ain't no use to crumble, zo you zee
 Mein peauty, you must come along mit me!

[*She struggles wildly with the destroyer of her peace, to corresponding Music, marked, and melo-dramatic.*]

Poca. Unhand me, thou unhandsome caitiff!

Rolff. Nein!

It's no good kicking now, you must be mine!

Poca. Where shall I turn?

[*Breaks from him distractedly—suddenly beholds the members of the Orchestra and appeals to them.*]

Can you look calmly on
 And see this shameful *Overture* begun,
 Yet take no part! I cannot call you *men*, or
 You'd out-shout the *treble baseness* of his *tenor*!
 Thou rude assailer, must I storm without avail?

[*SMITH jumps in at the window.*]

Avast! not when a sailor's within hail!

[*TABLEAU of triumphant innocence, and disconcerted Dutch villany. SMITH continues ora-tar-ically.*]

Sheer off at once, you ugly-looking craft,
 Or, damme! if I don't rake you fore and aft!
 Perhaps I'd better kill him, love!—Here, stay!
 What do you think?

Poca. It might be the best way.

Smith. Of course it will be. So, audacious rival,
 Prepare, at once, to die!

Rolff. To die! der Diefil!

Help, murder! help!

[*SMITH proceeding to annihilate him. is intercepted by POWHATAN.*]

King. Holloa! what's the row?

Rolff. Dat dere tam Smit has dook away mein vrow!
 And vos vant do gill me do pezite!

King. Dear me. is that all? I'll soon set it right.
 Children, come here, I've changed my mind.

[*Shaking hands with SMITH.*]

Rolff. What's dat?
You shakes him by de hand?

[*King winks at ROLFF.*]

Oho! I smells a rat. [*Aside.*]

King. I'll fix him. [*Aside.*] Smith, we to our daughter's choice
Lend the loud sanction of our Royal voice.

Smith. Your voice allowed, but has your heart relented?

King. If in our simple tent you'll live contented.

Smith. To an extent intense. King, you're a brick!

Rolff. Mein vrow! mein Got! dis is a purdy drick.

King. Demmy John, cork up! Now, daughter dear, prepare,
With orange wreaths array your raven hair;
To prove I love you, Smith, before you wed,
We'll take a proof impression of your head,
In our approved new lithographic style.

Smith. With all my heart; but if you harbor guile,
My tars will make a target of your head.

King. Upon the honor of a king!

Smith. 'Nuff said.

QUARTETTE.

KING, SMITH, ROLFF, AND POCAHONTAS.

Fill now a flowing glass
We would, without doubt, sir,
But as we've none, alas!
We must do without, sir.

We'll live, never fear,
In harmony here.

King. (Poor John Smith is very grateful.)

Chorus.

As lazy as monks in a cloister.

King. (Grief he's not now troubled with.)

Chorus.

Both soft shells and hard
We here disregard.

King. (He's gentle and resigned,
And resolved to go it blind.)

Chorus.

So we get our fair share of the oyster.

King. Oh, what a fool is poor John Smith!
(POCO A POCO DISCRETION!)

SCENE II.—*School Ground as before. POO-TEE-PET looking cautiously.*

Poo-tee-pet. Come, girls, we'll have our little confab here,
No prying principals can interfere.
I've dreadful news for you!

Di-dum-di. You don't say so!
 What is it, dear, I'll die if I don't know.
Girls. And so will I. And I.
Di-dum-di. For my part, I can't guess
 What it can be that gives you such distress.
 Do let us know at once.

All. Do—do!
Poo-tee-pet. I will.
 Imagine the extreme of human ill.
Lump-a-shuga. Are the new bonnets worn on the head?
Di-mon-di. There's been a fight, and all the *men* are dead.
Poo-tee-pet. Not quite so bad as either, but behold!
 A tale of horror in this note is told!

Di-mon-di. Do tell!
Lump-a-Shuga. I want to know!
Di-mon-di. What can it be?
Poo-tee-pet. Miss Pocahontas tells me here, that she is going to marry.
Di-mon-di. What a heavy blow! [*All laugh.*]
Poo-tee-pet. But not the man she's in love with!
All. Oh!

Poo-tee-pet. At Union Square, this afternoon, 'tis fated,
 The wrongful *rites* are to be consummated!
 The awful moment is almost at hand,
 But as this *scandalous* affair I've scanned,
 If you'll but *second* me in what I say,
 Our hands will show them what's the *time o' day!*
 You can *wind up* this business as you like,
 If at the proper instant you but *strike!*
 Strike! like the steel of Halleck's brave Bozzaris,
 Strike! as the newest fashions do in Paris,
 Strike! for your rights, your homes, and kitchen fires;
 Strike! like a crowd of feminine Tom Hyer's.

All. We will! Hurrah! Down with mankind in general!
Di-mon-di. A very striking denouement, indeed,
 If we could only *see* how to proceed.

Poo-tee-pet. I have got leave, to-day, for our diversion,
 To go on a toxophilite excursion.
 A female target party—'twill be fine
 Before they can suspect our deep design,
 By stratagem to get them to desist, or
 Else, by force of arms *assist* our sister.
 The plan is dangerous, and now you know it,
 Are you all game to see it through?

All. We'll go it!
Poo-tee-pet. Now, let's be off, as we've no time to lose.
Di-mon-di. Those gentlemen can keep time, I suppose. [*To Orchestra.*]
Poo-tee-pet. Then, if you please, as we've good time before us,
 We'll just take *time* enough to sing a chorus. [*Addressing Leader.*]

CHORUS.

AIR.—“*Pop goes the Weazle.*”

As we're going on a train
We must see and load a
Hamper with the drink of *Maine*.
Pop goes the soda.

Hampered thus, no Indian corn
Can we now forebode, a
Bumper fill then, (in a horn),
Pop goes the soda.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE LAST.—*Union Square in the City of Werowocomoco. The assembled Upper Tendom of Tuscorora, discovered.*

CHORUS.

AIR.—“*Hark 'tis the Indian drum.*”

Hark 'tis the *ingine* bell,
Look out for the locomotive
We off the track must go.

Though
His majesty is rather slow.

He must be how come you so,
With Smith's New England rum :
The rum, the rum, &c., &c.

Enter POCAHONTAS, evidently in very indifferent spirits, her overburthened soul bursts forth in melody.

AIR.—*Notturne, Grazioso vel Filosofoso.*

Oh, some are right
Who don't invite
Within their vest
So dangerous a guest,
As *love* that hies
To this abode,
And heavy lies—
Dyspeptic load.
It sets one frying
And sadly sighing,
You can't lodge here, no way,
So *love* good day,
'Twill never pay
To let you stay,
So *love* good day, good day, good day,
I'm better off without thee
Verily.

And do not care about thee,
No, not I.

[*She goes off sadly.*]

Enter POWHATAN and SMITH. ROLFF creeping cautiously after.

King. Here's where my artists dwell, a race gregarious,
Cheering their up *hill* life with mirth hilarious.

Smith, where are all your sailors? Safe, I trust!

Smith. Yes! *Safe*, by this time, to be on a *bust*!

King. Do none of your brave *hands* about here linger?

Smith. I need no *hands* while I those *arms* can *finger*.

ROLFF, who has stolen behind SMITH, suddenly snatches his pistols, one of which he hands to POWHATAN, producing a perilous and plagiarous situation, *A la Rob Roy*—SMITH served with a "*ne exeat*" at every opening, by the servitors of the KING, and finally bound over to a strong chord in the Orchestra.

Rolff. Friend Smith, you're *double-sold*! You lose your wife!

King. Likewise. to a *dead* certainty, your *life*!

Smith. Such hospitality was ne'er surpassed.

Invited to a *feast* and thus *made fast*!

But, as to you, base cobbler, soon to pay

For what's *occurred*, I'll find a ready *way*!

There's not a *red* marauder in the land

But henceforth *seeks* your *hide* to have it tanned!

Think on't, and tremble to your marrow's pith!

Judas! you haven't yet *subdued* JOHN SMITH!!

King. Don't make a *Judy* of yourself!

Rolff. *Meine* friend!

Your *thread* of life is *waxing* to an *end*!

A Scotch Indian march. with variations and situations, singularly simiuar to those which have occurred in similar situations.

King. Now, that our finishing touches may be shown,
Bring forth our finest lithographic stone!

He is obeyed with servile alacrity.—Flourishes a huge club.

I said I'd take your head off!

Smith. But I swear,

You didn't hint about that sketch *club* there!

King. Disappointed in the likeness you can't be!

Smith. 'Twould be more *striking* if my hands were free!

But as I'm *bound* to let you have your way,

A few last words, I trust, you'll let me say!

King. We're *tied* to *time*, and *time* and *tide* won't wait,

You must *die early* so you can't *dilate*!

Our *Indian* laws are *some*, there's no receding!

Smith. Why what an *Indian* *summary* proceeding!

King. A sentence, come, prepare!

Smith. Hold on a spell

Fell tyrant!

King. Ha! What's that?

Smith. I mean *old* "*fel*"

You wouldn't cut a *fellow's thread*?

King. That's so!

I do assure you, you shan't feel the blow!

Old *Tar*, to-night in *Tartarus* you'll sup!

Smith. Life's a *conundrum*!

King. Then lie down, and give it up!

Smith. It's a hard *pill*—but a much harder *pillow*! [Reclining.

Pocahontas rushing in heroineically distressed and dishevelled, followed by sailors.

Poca. Husband! for thee I scream!

Smith. Lemon or *Vanilla*?

Poca. Oh! Fly with me, and quit those vile dominions!

Smith. How can I fly, beloved, with these pinions?

DUET.—SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

“*Prima Donna Waltz.*”

Smith.

Although a *bird* am I,
And sometimes do get high—
A pair of wings
Are essential things
Before a bird can fly.

Pote.

Oh! dearest, die I must,
My heart, just like pie crust
Is breaking in pie—
Ces, only to see
How *fowlly* my *bird* is trussed.

Smith.

A *verse* to *add*, I'm not *adverse* to
Though *adversity's* a curse—so
Come what may—fate can't do worse, oh
Farewell.

Poca.

Loose him, and let him be my spouse!

King.

Not I,
Such an *alliance* would be all a *lie*!
On no account, can I run counter to
Virginia records which relate to you.
I'm very sorry, *Smith*, but you must die!

(*Music.*)

Smith.

Wait 'till the *Target Party* passes by!

Enter Poo-tee-pet, and all the *Indian women*—they execute sundry *manœuvres*, and finally form a hollow square around *Smith*, very pointedly pointing their arrows at the *King* and company.

King.

Hollo! Stop that!—my goodness!—I do declare!
Those arrows make me *quiver*!—as you were!
What *are* you, that thus outrage all propriety?

Poo-tee-pet.

The Anti-marry-folks-against-their-will Society!

King.

Why come you here?—as sorrowful spectators?

Poo-tee-pet.

No! on the contrary, we're *very* gladiators!
For Freedom every heart with ardor glows,
On Woman's Rights we're *bent*, and *bent* our bows!
Your daughter dear, must marry whom she may,
Daughters you know, should *always* have their way!

King. What's to be done? I'm puzzled in good sooth,
I love my daughter, but can't warp the truth!

Smith. You've *ample* means, *examples* you don't lack,
Didn't Shakspeare give King Richard a crook back,
For fear bold Queen Elizabeth would frown.

Whose grandpapa had cracked his Royal crown!

In our day, isn't every *corner* rife

With Hot Corn heroines, ne'er seen in life?

Don't Mr. Abbott make that bloody Tartar,

Napoleon Buonaparte, a Christian martyr?

If these don't satisfy you?

King. No, they don't!

Smith. I'll fight him for the maiden!

Rolf. No, you won't!

Smith. Draw lots, shake props, shoot pistols, or petards,
Or *stake* her *hand* upon a *hand* of cards!

King. Ha! ha! there's sense in that; you're on a track
That *suits* us to a *T*. Who's got a pack?

[*They all produce the documents.*

Stay! here's a table—sit upon the edge.

[*They sit upon a stone.*

He's done! (*Aside.*) What shall the game be, Smith?

Smith. Old Sledge!

[*All crowd round anxiously watching the game.*

CHARACTERISTIC CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus.

Now for a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

The Queen!

A trump!

A better!

The Ten!

That's good for my Jack!

Chorus.

Oh! what a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

A trump!

Another!

That's low!

That's so.

And that's the best card in the pack!

Pocahontas.

Oh! Mr. Hoyle,

All his toil

Prithee spoil.

Chorus: Give him fits.

Oh! Master, pray

Mind the way

That you play.

Chorus: Give him fits.

Smith.

I've won the game,

Upon my life;

And better still,

I've won a wife!

At High, Low, Jack,

You cannot shine—

So take the pack,

The maid is mine.

I'm bound to play all night,

I'm bound to play all day;

I'll bet my money on the High, Low, Jack,

For ever, if thy hand's my pay.

King.

Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge, I'm a sure gone coon,

I'm dished, and feel exactly like a used-up spoon:

Though I thought the game to play to another sort of tune,

And beat you too, before you'd say Jack Robinson.

Omnes Coda.

He's won the game, &c.

Smith. Hurra! I've won the game!

King. Well, that's a fact!

Rolff. Der's sheating round dis board! de gards was backed!

Boo hoo! I'm zwindled!

[*Cries*

King. Just you stop that blubber.

Bub, or cut in for an Indian rubber!

[*Flourishing club*

Smith. I have won fairly, I appeal to you. (*To King.*)

And fair one, I have fairly won you, too,

So let us two make one.



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Poca. Papa, you've heard !
King. It likes me not, but I must
 There, take her !—that, I think 's the use

[Joining their hands patriarchally.]

Now, let your voices *round the circle ring,*
 Our son-in-law, three cheers, and make them tell !
 Hip hip, hurrah ! (*They shout.*) Tiger ! (*They roar.*)
 Indian yell ! (*They scream.*)

Smith. Old King of Clubs, you are a jolly trump !
 And don't you be so downcast, you Dutch pump ;
 All future history will see you righted,
 With her, in name alone, I'll be united.

Poca. How long the union may exist, depends
 On the impartial verdict of our friends.

King. Give your consent, and all dispute will cease,
 A citizen's first duty is, to *keep the peace.*

Smith. So, pray *keep this one,* not in *bonds* too tight,
 But suffer it to run through many a night.

GRAND FINALE.—*A la Grec.**King.*

And now wev'e done our duty here,
 We hope and trust that you'll not fume, or
 Fail to give a parting cheer,
 But take our bad jokes in good humor—

Tow row row,
 People will you now,
 Take our bad jokes in good humor,
 Now, now, now.

*De Capo Chorus.**Smith.*

Good people all, both great and small,
 Now, you and your kind friends we *want,* as
 Often as you please to call
 On Captain Smith and Pocahontas.

Tow row row,
 Lenity allow,
 Captain Smith and Pocahontas,
 Now, now, now.

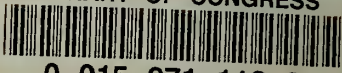
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